

*The Historie.*

the life of a mā: but to counterfet dying when a man thereby liueth, is to be no counterfet, but the true & perfect image of life indeed. The better parte of valour is discretion, in the which better part I haue saued my life. Zounds I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead, how if he should counterfet too and rise? by my faith I am afraid hee woulde proue the better counterfet, therefore ile make him sure, yea, and ile sweare I kild him. Why may not he rise as well as I? nothing confutes me but eies, and no body sees me: therefore sirrha, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

*He takes vp Hotspur on his backe. Enter Prince  
John of Lancaster.*

*Prin.* Come brother Iohn, full brauely hast thou fished  
Thy mayden sword.

*John of Lan* But soft, whom haue we heere?  
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

*Prin.* I did, I saw him dead,  
Breathlesse and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliue?  
Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eiesight?  
I preethe speake, we will not trust our eies  
Without our eares, thou art not what thou seemst.

*Fal* No thats certaine, I am not a double man: but if I bee  
not Iacke Falstaffe, then am I a Iacke: there is Percy, if your  
father will doe me anie honour, so: if not, let him kill the next  
Percie himselfe; I looke to bee either Earle or Duke, I can as-  
sure you.

*Prin.* Why Percy, I kild my selfe, and saw thee dead.

*Falst.* Didst thou? Lord, Lord, howe this world is giuen to  
lying, I graunt you I was downe, and out of breath, and so was  
he, but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long houre by  
Shrewesburie clocke, if I may be beleeu'd so: if not, let them  
that should rewarde valour, beare the sinne vppon their owne  
heads. Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the  
thigh, if the man were aliue, and would denie it, zounds I would  
make him eate a peece of my sword.

*John.* This is the strangest tale that euer I heard.

*Prin.* This is the strangest fellow, brother Iohn,  
Come bring your luggage nobly on your backe.

For

*Last leaf wanting*